

Orangeburg Times.

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VOLUME V

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1878.

NUMBER 50

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"Tutt's Expectorant is a familiar name in my house. My wife thinks it the best medicine in the world, and the children say it is 'nicer than molasses candy.'"

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"I am the mother of six children; all of them have been croupy. Without Tutt's Expectorant, I don't think they could have survived some of the attacks. It is a mother's blessing."

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May 6 1877

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Stonewall Jackson's Early Life at West Point.

When the day came for the examination of the section in which Jackson was placed, the poor fellow was in a most unhappy state of mind. His whole soul was bent upon passing. When he went to the blackboard the perspiration was streaming from his face, and during the whole examination his anxiety was painful to witness. While trying to work out his example in fractions the cuffs of his coat, first the right and then the left, were brought into requisition to wipe off the perspiration which streamed from his face. But he passed creditably, and I shall never forget how pleased he looked as he was told that he could take his seat, and I think every member of the examining board turned away his head to hide the smile which could not be suppressed. Examination over, then came the encampment. The suit of jeans was replaced by the cadet uniform, and then "Old Jack" looked at a little distance, like the most of plebs. After encampment came the season for study, and you may be sure that no time was idled away by "the member from Clarksburg." Never was there such boning (a West Point expression for hard study.) His whole life was devoted to the one thing of preparing for the January examination.

Here he was again successful, but the scene at the blackboard, although in midwinter, was a repetition of the one in June. He found himself rather low down in his class, but he had learned how to study, and he had the hearty sympathy and good will of all the professors and instructors. At the second June examination he passed so well that he was well up in his class, and out of all danger. But he never relaxed his hold. Through the whole four years he was one of the hardest students. At every examination he rose higher and higher, and had the course been five years instead of four, I believe "Old Jack" would have brought up in the engineer corps.

Jackson's career in the army during the few years he remained in it was highly creditable to him. He commanded a section of Magruder's Battery at the storming of Chapultepec, and those of the old officers who saw him on that occasion will never forget his coolness and the dogged courage with which he held his position under a terrible fire from the castle. He was of the same order of man as George H. Thomas—men whom nothing could daunt, and who were always found in the right place, and whom nothing but death could take from what they considered their place of duty.

Good Advice.

Governor Vance, at the Weldon Fair, gave his hearers some very sound advice. He said the late war had taught the South several important lessons, which he proceeded to specify. One of them was, that cotton is not king, but that meat and bread are, and he urged the importance not only of producing enough of these for home use, but also of engaging in manufactures. "We must not rely upon the North," he said, "for our wheel hubs and axle handles our buggy shafts, and every mechanical and domestic article we use, but must get to making those articles for ourselves."

Another lesson was, that the Southern people should not depend altogether upon negro labor, but must go to work for themselves. He drew a picture of half a dozen white men "sitting around a store door, whittling white pine and cursing the negro because he won't work," and in contrast with this he painted the happiness and independence of a family "who are not ashamed, nor afraid, nor too lazy to do their own work." This is good, wholesome talk, a dits utterance by a Democratic Governor of a Southern State shows how great a change the war and its concomitant events have really wrought. Let

those good people of the North, who feel that the South cannot be trusted to get along without the special supervision of the Federal Government take courage from this evidence of progress. The reform which springs from the midst of a people, and has its origin in their own expanding ideas and improving sentiments, is infinitely more substantial than any which could be imposed by an exterior force.

Originality in Farming.

There are two ways in which a farmer may manage his business. He may observe definite rules without regard to varying circumstances, or he may be guided by his own judgment and regulate his own operations according to conditions. There is a tendency among a large class of farmers to be guided by maxims which they have received from their fathers. They plant their corn and wheat as nearly as possible on stated days or at stated times of the moon. They hoe and cultivate their corn a given number of times without much regard to the condition of the soil, and in all the routine of farm work they keep as nearly as possible in the old track, believing that to be the only safe one.

When we consider the variety of circumstances under which the same crops are raised in different localities, it is evident that no rules can be given for their management that it will be best to follow in all cases. There are fields of corn that will thrive and produce well with very little culture, while others will be nearly ruined by quack grass and thistles, without very thorough cultivation. Sometimes the weeds are of such a kind that smothering harrow is the best implement that can be used for destroying them, while at others the time-honored corn plow is the only instrument that will prove effective. Unless the farmer uses judgment in the management of his corn he will not always get it at the least cost per bushel.

The same may be said of every department of farm labor. The old rules may be safe, but there is sometimes a better way, and the farmer who can look beyond, and see when his practice—and it may be varied with profit—has an advantage over others. There is as much opportunity for making good results in raising crops by taking advantage of circumstances, as there is in selling them by taking advantage of the markets. It is often noticed that the farmers who do the most hard work do not always succeed the best.

This is because they do little thinking. The question should always be: "How can I apply my labor so that it will be most effectual?" Many farmers accomplish more with their heads than with their hands.

There is an opportunity for originality not only in the management of crops, but as well in all the appurtenances of the farm.—*Dirigo Rural.*

Singular Vitality of Trees.

A correspondent of the Georgia Grange gives the following account of a long sea-transportation of trees, and their prolonged vitality under adverse circumstances. It is vouched for as being correct. The correspondent says: "Mr. Parson, our informant, says that before leaving Atlanta, two years ago, he gave an order to a house in that city for 150 apple trees, 100 pear, 30 grape-vines, 6 figs, 2 mulberry, 2 walnut, 2 pomegranates, and a number of peach, cherry and plum trees. He directed his order sent to Auckland via Liverpool. By the oversight or neglect of his agent, this selection of fruit trees reached its destination in precisely ten months, lacking two days. When the agent at Auckland advised Mr. Parson of the arrival of his trees, of course this badly-treated gentleman refused to receive them. But the agent was so anxious to have a test made of the vitality of the trees that he offered to share the loss in the freight, which

was just \$10 for a trip of 7,000 miles. Mr. Parson agreed to the proposition, took the trees to his farm, a little way out of the city, and after letting them lie for forty-eight hours in his spring branch, he planted them out. Now for the result. Of the 130 trees, 120 were alive and flourishing beautifully in July, when Mr. Parson left home; of the pears thirteen lived and did well; fifteen out of the thirty grapevines lived; five out of six figs; both of the mulberries; both of the walnuts. The stone fruit all died above the roots, but many of the roots were alive. These trees were packed in a large box, and remained in it we may say ten months, and traveled 3,000 miles to Liverpool and 7,000 to Auckland.

The Lien Law Re-Enacted.

The old lien law has been re-enacted with only such new features as are embodied in the following:

"Sec. 5. That each landlord leasing land for agricultural purposes shall have a prior and preferred lien for rent to the extent of one-third of all crops raised on his land, and enforceable in the same manner as liens for advances, which said lien shall be valid without recording or filing."

That Section 6 be amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 6. That every lien for advances and for rent, when the agreement is for more than one-third of the crop, shall be filed in the office of the Register of Mesne Conveyances for the county in which the lienor resides within thirty days from the days of the lien; and the said lien for rent over one-third of the crop shall there-by be made valid; and the said Register shall keep an index of all such liens so filed, for each of which he shall receive fifteen cents from the party filing the same, and this shall be a sufficient record of the same."

From this it will be seen that the important changes are two: first, the landlord cannot be deprived of rent of one-third of the crops, by reason of a lien given to any one else; second, the expense of recording is reduced from \$1.50 to 15 cents. The law has not yet received the signature of the Governor, but doubtless will in a few days. The Legislature has acted wisely in this matter, as a large number of the poorer class of citizens will feel much relief at the rescindment of a measure, which will enable them to pass through the year without suffering.

The Oak and the Squirrel.

It is not generally known how much we, as a maritime nation, are indebted to our little friends, the squirrels. These active little fellows render important service to our navy; for most of the fine oak trees, which are important in ship-building, especially for vessels of war, are planted by the squirrel. A gentleman walking one day in the wood belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, in the county of Monmouth, of England, had his attention attracted by one of these cracklers of nuts; the squirrel sat very composedly upon the ground, and the gentleman paused, to watch his motions. In a few moments the creature darted with wonderful swiftness to the top of the tree beneath which it had been sitting. In an instant he returned, carrying an acorn in his mouth; this acorn he did not eat but, he began to dig a hole in the ground with his paws. When the hole was large and deep enough to please him, he dropped the acorn into it, and then covered up his treasure. This little animal's industry was certainly not with the intention of providing us with oaks, but with that of providing for himself, when food would be less plentiful; the holes were his winter store-house. As it is probable that the squirrel's memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember all the spots in which he deposits these acorns, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year; these spring up, and in due time supply us with the timber our ship-yards require.

Joseph and Madame Potipher

He Would Tell.

A French lady, distinguished in society as having had more admirers than any other woman, died the other day, leaving her husband a freedom he had long sighed for and an ancient half. The beautiful lady was enrhume (French for bad cold) from going to a ball. But then she must also go to another ball two nights afterwards instead of staying in her bed. In vain the doctor told her it would be her death. The lady coughed badly, but replied:

"But, my friend, do you not understand that a woman of fashion can afford to die, but cannot afford to miss Count Hopperin's ball, where all the most grand world will be. Will I die? Eh bien, you shall see; I give directions for a more grand funeral than Paris has yet seen. I send for Worth tout de suite; I make myself fitted for a lineol (French for winding sheet), in which I flatter myself my admirers shall still find me charming. Voila."

At the ball she was rather more beautiful and bewitching than usual, and rarely, if ever, had a salon witnessed a triumph of such extent; but the next day the beauty couldn't move and had to send for a priest, while her husband was made and by glancing over the longitimized prospectus for the funeral. Having her fair hand in that of her husband; the lady said, in faint accents: "Monami, if you love me, swear that you will do something which I shall ask."

"I swear."

"Then see that all shall be as I have directed, especially the black plumes on the horses' heads." And her mind being easy on that point, she finally asked the priest to read something from the Bible, and when he requested to know what particular she liked best, she replied:

"Alas! I know the good book so little; but, perhaps, my father, is there not a story of the young Joseph and Mme. Potipher? Read me that. I pray you."

And with that reminiscence of the good book the famous belle was rocked into eternal sleep.—*Washington Capital.*

GOT EVEN WITH HIM.—There was one man on the avenue the other rainy morning who felt as if the weather couldn't be abused enough.

"Don't you hate such weather as this?" he asked of a pretty acquaintance opposite.

"No, sir," was the decided response; "I don't bother about the weather. If it's fair, all right; if it's foul, all right."

"But you can't like such a morning as this?"

"It's just as good for me as any other sort of morning," was the calm reply.

"And you like to see rain and mud and slush, do you?"

"Yes; I am perfectly satisfied."

The grumbler was out of patience, but he secured revenge sooner than he hoped for. In getting off the car the fat man slipped and sprawled at full length in the mud, to the intense delight of the other, who rushed to the platform and shouted:

"Don't say a word—it's one of your kind of mornings! If it was one of mine you'd have fallen on a bed of nice, clean, soft, white, beautiful snow! Stand up, till I look at you!"

The fat man stood up. He was mud from boots to chin. He looked at himself and then at the car, and feebly said:

"I kin lick you and all the weather in the country with one hand tied behind me!"

"Do you know," remarked a rather fast Newark youth the other day to a stuttering friend, to whom he was slightly indebted, "do you know that I intend to marry and settle down?"

"Have you used the sugar, John?" inquired the mother, in a winning manner.

"John don't want no sugar," ejaculated the young heir, abruptly.

"Why not?" inquired the father, curiously, while John, in his surprise, swallowed a bit of toasted crust, and nearly cut his throat open.

"Cos he don't," explained the heir in an artificial manner, "I heard him tell Mary his night—"

"You keep still," interrupted Mary, in an hysterical manner, while the young man caught his breath in dismay.

"I heard him say," persisted the heir, with dreadful eagerness, "that she was so sweet he shouldn't never use no more sugar any more—an' then he kissed her, an' I said I'd tell, an'—"

The young heir was lifted out of the room by his ear, and the supper was finished in moody silence.

GOT HER AT LAST.—Parson W. was the Congregational minister at A——, two or three generations ago. On one occasion he was called on to marry a rustic couple. According to his custom he began with:

"Please join your right hands."

The groom, a little confused, lets go his grasp, and with his left hand takes the bride's right.

"Your right hands! Please join your right hands!"

The groom, thinking a moment, lets go his grasp again, and turning around, seizes the bride with both hands, her right with his left, he left with his right, and exclaims, "Now I've got her!"

He hand stayed till the clock hands have together at eleven, and that valuable recorder of time was mending a strike. She had yawned till her mouth felt large enough for a horse collar, and yet the young man evinced no symptoms of speedy departure. "I've been working on a motto to day," she finally said, as she held her eyes open with her fingers; "don't you want to see it?" He said he did. She brought out the article, and passed it to him for inspection. He held it up to the light and read the cheerful sentence, "There's no place like home." The young man guessed he'd be going.

It is officially estimated that the wheat crop this year will be 70,000,000 bushels larger than last year's crop, leaving 100,000,000 bushels for exportation. The cotton crop will be almost 4,500,000 bales. The tobacco crop will be about 60,000,000 pounds greater than last year.

A millionaire who was looking at a levee tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him: "I do admire a rich, green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.

Mrs. Dorset, of Minneapolis, has just been admitted to practice in all the courts of the States of Minnesota. She is the first woman ever admitted to the bar in that State, the Legislature having changed the law last winter with special reference to this case.

"The love of woman is not the love of money, though if the woman who happens to be loved has a large bank account the young man who happens to have won her heart ought not necessarily to be despised."

The New York Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals draws the line at anacondas. Unless the anaconda gets living food, it starves to death, but the society will not allow it to eat live rabbits.

A Grave Answer—Doctor: "Thomas, did Mrs. Popjoy get the medicine I ordered yesterday?" Thomas: "I believe so, sir; I see all the blinds down this morning."